

THE
PLATONIC

A Tale.

*Sed mihi vel Tellus optem prius ima debiscat
Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvo.*

VIRG.



L O N D O N,

Printed for W. BOREHAM at the Angel in
Pater-Noster-Row. 1721.

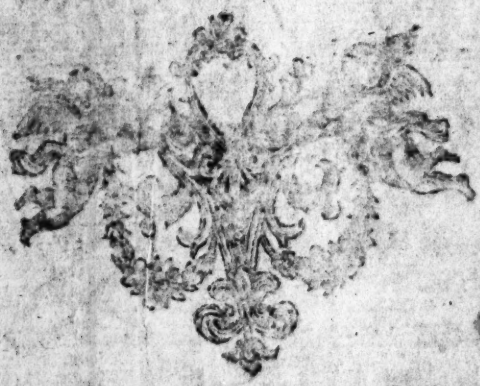
[Price Four Pence.]

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PLATONIC
A Tale.

And thus, with all the power of his own disposition,
and, perhaps, more to violence, and the more resolved.

VIRG.



LONDON:
Printed for W. BARNHAM at the Angel, in
St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1721.
[Price Four Pence.]

THE
PLATONIC.

A Tale.

YOUNG *Damon*, once upon a time,
(So Tales begin, so suits our Rhyme)

Was smit with blooming *Celia's* Charms,

And long'd to revel in her Arms:

A Youth he was of pregnant Parts,

Had learn'd and practis'd all the Arts

That make a Lady change her Mind,

And do the Thing she ne'er design'd:

He sung, and danc'd, and Verses writ,

And pass'd with Women for a Wit;

A fair Estate improv'd each Line,

And made his Fancy brighter shine.

This Spark wou'd spare nor Cost nor Trouble

To gain his End — A special Bubble!

With

With Balls and Plays the Nymph he treated,
 And Masques and Operas repeated ;
 Of costly Presents try'd the Pow'r,
 Remembring well the Golden Show'r —
 “ Presents ! What Present cou'd he give,
 “ That virtuous Maiden wou'd receive ” ? ----
 He'd purchase some expensive Toy,
 And then, with matchless Art, decoy
 Th' admiring Fair to call't her own ;
 Which meaner Wits cou'd ne'er have done.
 Sometimes a Bribe he wou'd convey,
 At Picket, by design'd ill-play ;
 And, minding what he was about,
 To gain his Point, he'd lay It out.
 For who the Consequence regards,
 Will find how well he play'd his Cards.

Our Spark, one day, by Madam seated,
 Longing to have his Bliss compleated,
 Avoided less important Chat,
 And hinted what he wou'd be at.

With

But

But when his vile Intent she found,

(Attend this Truth!) she'd almost Swoon'd

" And is it thus a courteous Maid,

" For Civil Usage, is repaid?

" Vain Man! (she cry'd,) What Action, Look,

" Or Word of mine have you mistook,

" On which you make this foul Pretence,

" To injure Youth and Innocence?

" Must Women still converse with Fools,

" Or Stray beyond bright Virtue's Rules?

" Your Parts and Wit I must approve,

" But have no Notion of your Love:

" Let Friendship, then, your Mind content,

" For more, by Heav'n! I never meant;

" Each idle Passion I despise,

" And will a spotless Virgin die.

Some Parts, we've said, he did not want,

And understood this formal Cant,

Which he, perhaps, had heard run o'er

By Females of her Class before:

But

B

So,

So, having fairly broke the Ice,
 And thinking *Celia* not so nice,
 To heed rash Vows, in Anger made,
 His Am'rous Siege he closer laid;
 And found at last the Happy Minute,
 (The Learned say, 'Tis all that's in it)
 When dull *Platonic* Qualms had left her,
 And pow'rful Love of Pride bereft her;
 She Yielded then; and, Neighbours said,
 Brisk *Susan* put 'em both to Bed.

Now, if the Nymph before had been
 In such Engagements Overseen,
 She better knew the Arts of Toying,
 And was more richly worth Enjoying;
 Was what, of old, had power to make
 A Jove his Juno's Arms forsake;
 Depose the Sun, prolong the Night,
 To take his Fill of new Delight.

Here a Description from my Pen
 May be requir'd by naughty Men:

But

But modest Ladies will excuse
 From such a Task the bashful Muse ;
 The Muse, whose Tale, in all things, must
 To Truth and Decency be just. ----
 In short, *Eight Times* (Amaz'd you hear it !)
 He was so Wicked, none cou'd bear it. ----

And now, to chase the Shades of Night,
 The Morn and *Celia's* Eyes unite ;
 When, Laughing loud, to wake she try'd
 Her Lover, snoring by her side.
 He Yawns at ev'ry Breath he draws,
 And, wildly Staring, asks the Cause ?
 I Laugh (said she) and can't forbear,
 To think what Fops you Poets are ;
 Your ev'ry Word and Action shows
 The Man of Verse from Man of Prose ;
 Your Satyrs, Faunes, your busie Elves,
 Those lively Pictures of your Selves ;
 Your Flying Horse, and Sisters Nine ;
 That round your Chrystal-Puddle shine,

Invented

Invented in some idle Vein,
 Are mere Chimeras of your Brain:
 But while the rest Old Whims pursue,
 Your brighter Fancy teems with New:
 Thus, Damon, scorning Vulgar Ways,
 You seek, thro' Paths unknown, the Bays;
 And so this pretty Odness use,
 To Kiss your Mistress for each Muse. —

Tho' all must own the Man was prest
 Beyond the compass of a Jest;
 Yet the Device his Humour hit,
 Nor wou'd he baulk a Turn of Wit:
 But when he left her wanton Arms,
 And reel'd from all her killing Charms,
 He to himself devoutly swore,
 He'd ne'er Engage Platonic more.

F I N I S

